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the past season the amount was £11,743; the highest year's subscription having once only, in 1847, reached £17,871. It is unquestionable that in many instances the right to choose a prize is bartered for a sum of money much less in value. The winner wants his stake, like any other gambler; he does not want a picture. Is that sort of transaction to be encouraged by the Legislature?

LITERARY NOTICES.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED LIVING NEW YORK SURGEONS. John Bradburn: New York.

This interesting little volume is from the pen of Samuel W. Francis, A. M., M. D., the youngest son of the late eminent Dr. John W. Francis of this city. This unique volume is tastefully gotten up, and is embellished with a fine portrait of the late Dr. Valentine Mott, engraved on steel.

The work consists of a series of sixteen spirited sketches, setting forth the leading incidents in the lives of Drs. Mott, W. H. Van Bueren, H. C. Vost, Frank H. Hamilton, J. M. Carnochan, James R. Wood, Lewis A. Sayre, A. B. Mott, J. P. Bachelder, A. H. Stephens, W. Parker, G. Buck, John Swinbourne, J. S. Thebund, S. Smith, and Alex. E. Hosack.

The author having enjoyed an intimate personal acquaintance with his subjects, has been enabled to impart many interesting details in the professional career of each, which makes his book a valuable contribution to the biographical literature of the profession.

NEW YORK ECLECTIC MEDICAL REVIEW.—We have received the first number of this magazine, devoted to the principles of eclectic medical practice. Its editor, Robert S. Newton, M. D., is a gentleman celebrated, not only as a thoroughly educated and successful physician, but as a writer on medical science, &c. Dr. Newton, besides being Professor of Surgery in the Eclectic Medical College of New York, is the President of the New York State Medical Society. He is in every respect an able and remarkable man. His associate editor, Edwin Freeman, M. D., is a gentleman of fine abilities, and will be found a valuable coadjutor in carrying out the objects of the review.

The first number contains many valuable articles, the most prominent among them being by the associate editor upon Cholera Asiatica, cholera atmosphere, pathology, symptoms, and treatment of the disease. This is a most able paper, and should be extensively read. There are other original papers of great interest and value, and much matter of general information which those practicing eclectically should know. This first number is a great success, and will command the attention of all who are interested in the principles it advocates. The *New York Eclectic Medical Review* is published at No. 22 East 18th Street, at the subscription price of two dollars per annum, in advance.

EVERY SATURDAY.—This excellent periodical, published by Ticknor & Fields of Boston, still continues its course of success. The selections are made with excellent judgment, and, each number being complete in itself, renders it one of the pleasantest weeklies published.

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.—Compiled and arranged by the Rev. Charles Hole, B. A., Trinity College, Cambridge, with additions and corrections by William A. Wheeler, M. A. New York, Hurd & Houghton.

This is a very useful and comprehensive work, containing in a condensed form an immense amount of information constantly sought for, and in most cases very difficult to obtain. Biographically, it affords simply the following information, namely, the dates of birth and of death, for what distinguished and principal works, and by whom the life was written. This class of information is constantly in demand, more especially by writers and journalists, and to these this work will prove a wonderful convenience. To the journal reader it will also be of interest, as it will afford a clue to the writers of the lives of many distinguished men, with whose career they would like to be familiar. The American edition is much more complete than the original English work, a large number of important names omitted, both European and American have been supplied; errors in dates and in the orthography and accent of names have been corrected, and the whole work rendered more generally accurate. It contains over twenty thousand names, and is as full, we suppose, as the plan of the work contemplated; should an enlarged edition, however, be decided upon at a future date, there are many names which occur to us worthy of record that might be added. The orthography of two names we find wrong, that of Bocha, spelled in the work Bocska, and Charles E. Horn spelled Horne.

We consider this brief Biographical Dictionary a work of general utility, and that its place should be on every library table.

LITERARY NOTES.

A lady correspondent, Washington, D. C., requests some information in regard to the authorship of the novel entitled "Charles Auchester," and if there are any other works from the same pen. We call to mind two other novels by the author of "Charles Auchester," "Counterparts," and "Almost a Heroine," the production of which created quite a sensation. Some four years ago the *Atlantic Monthly* contained an article, written by Mrs. Spofford (then Miss Harriet Prescott), author of "Sir Rohan's Ghost," on the question of the authorship of "Charles Auchester." The *Atlantic* article was a characteristically clever one, analyzing the style and describing the *personnel* of the up-to-that-time unknown novelist; and who had just but recently died. The writer was a lady, a Miss Elizabeth Sheppard, orphan daughter of an English clergyman. "Charles Auchester" was written at the age of sixteen and published in 1853. The title-page bore the *nom de plume* of E. Berger, a French translation of her real name; "A name," says Mrs. Prescott Spofford, "that is not the most attractive in the tongue, but all must love it who love her; for, if any theory of transmission be true, does she not prove something of her own oneness with Nature, of her intimacy with its depths, of her love of fields, and flowers, and skies, to that ancestry who won the name, as, like the princely Hebrew boy, they tended the flocks upon the hills, under sunlight and starlight, and in every wind that blew?" The article in the *Atlantic* revealed not only the

beautiful life, but the melancholy death of its subject, "who," says the writer, "on one of those delicious days that came in the middle of this year's April (1862)—warmth and fresh earth smells breathing all about—the wide sprays of the lofty boughs lying tinged in rosy purple, a web-like tracery upon the sky, whose azure was divine,—the air itself lucid and mellow, as if some star had dissolved itself within it—on such a day the little foreign letter came, telling that at length balm had dropped upon the weary eyelids—Elizabeth Sheppard was dead."

Mr. W. P. Fitzgerald writing of the "gentle Elia" gives the following touching glimpse of the closing days of that quaint genius, and the abiding sorrow with which Coleridge's death struck him:

"It is sad to think that Lamb's later days were not of the calm and pleasant sort described by his friends. A great tenderness and delicacy, a friendly sensitiveness, has kept back from the account of Lamb's history much which concerned the horrid specter which attended him all through life. We are led to believe that in time that great and dreadful trouble had been softened for him, and had, as it were, faded out, and that the evening of his days had been calm and tranquil. This, at least, would be the impression, reading his closing at Edmonton. But it said, and it is vouched for by good authority, that not long before he died, he and his sister had been placed at Enfield, in a house called Bay Cottage, with a woman named Redford, who was accustomed to take care of deranged persons. It is said that both required restraint, and that the woman of the place treated them with cruelty, often locking up brother and sister together in a closet during some of their fits. There are those who recollect having seen Mary Lamb at a window, tearing up a feather bed, and scattering the feathers in the air. Fortunately friends found out this pitiable state of things, and Charles was removed in time to Edmonton, where he could die in peace. During that interval, his mind seemed to be filled with but one subject. It always reverted to Coleridge, and in the strangest way—even humorously. He would interrupt the conversation with an abrupt exclamation, 'So Coleridge is gone!' On November 21st, five weeks only before he died, he asked to write something in a friend's album. 'When I read the death of Coleridge,' he wrote, 'it was without grief. It seemed to me that he had long been on the confines of the next world—that he had a hunger for eternity. But since I feel how great a part he was to me, his great and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot make a criticism on men or books without an ineffectual turning and reference to him. He was the proof and touchstone of all my cogitations. * * * He was my fifteen years' old friend, without a dissension. Never saw I his likeness, nor probably the world can see again. I seemed to love the house he died at more passionately than when he died. * * * What was his mansion, is consecrated to me a chapel.' 'A more pathetic chime to a departed friend was never sounded. He seemed never to recover the blow.'

The London *Morning Star* remarks that M. Jules Favre, the greatest orator of the Liberal party in the French Parliament, has just invited, with all the emphasis of his eloquence and earnestness, the attention of his countrymen to one of the worst and most growing evils under which France suffers to-day. M. Favre denounces with eloquent and sincere indignation the abominable condition of the literature, and drama, and stage of France. He points to the appalling contrast presented by the unbridled licentiousness of the novelist and the dramatist,